

[24/06/08][21:39:50] -

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Title: a notebook

Author:

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Woe on to thee, who  
would see the angel of  
Zemyaza fall.

The ashes do not rest  
peacefully and the Shroud  
ripples with the fury of  
a lord of the night.

The children call and the  
lord answers. There shall  
be a shrine to the  
Eternal Night, and inside  
there will be another.

The shrine of the lord  
will house the sacred  
ashes and the hand that  
once brought upon the  
world great darkness,  
both in a casket made of  
the purest shadow iron  
and filled with the soil of  
the City of Bridges,  
Vesper.

Eternal life in peace.